

The history

selfe, well the Gods are about, time must friend or end well
Troilus well, I would my heart were in her body; no, *Hector*
 is not a better man then *Troilus*.

Cres. Excuse me. *Pand.* He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pand. Th'others not come too't, you shall tell me another
 tale when th'others come too't, *Hector* shall not haue his
 will this yeare.

Cres. He shall not neede it if he haue his owne.

Pand. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter. *Pand.* Nor his beautie.

Cres. I would not become him, his own's better.

Pand. You haue no iudgement neece; *Hellen* her selfe
 swore th'other day that *Troilus* for a browne fauour (for so
 tis I must confesse) not browne neither.

Cres. No, but browne.

Pand. Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pand. She praised his complexion about *Paris*.

Cres. Why *Paris* hath colour inough. *Pand.* So he has.

Cres. Then *Troilus* should haue too much, if shee praised
 him about, his complexion is higher then his, hee
 hauing colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming
 a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Helens* golden
 tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

Pand. I sweare to you I thinke *Helen* loues him better then

Cres. Then shee's a merry greeke indeed. (*Paris*)

Pand. Nay I am sure she dooes, she came to him th'other
 day into the compass window, and you know hee has not
 past three or foure haire on his chinne.

Cres. Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone bring
 his particulars therein to a totall.

Pand. Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three
 pound liste as much as his brother *Hector*.

Cres. Is he so yong a man, and so old a lister.

Pand. But to proue to you that *Hellen* loues him, shee
 came and puts mee her white hand to his clouen chin.

Cres. I must haue mercy, how came it clouen?

of Troilus and Cresseida.

Pan. Why, you know tis dimpled,
 I thinke his smyling becomes him better then any man in
 all Phrigia. *Cres.* Oh he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Dooes hee not?

Cres. Oh yes, and twere a clowd in *Autumne*.

Pan. Why go to then, but to proue to you that *Hellen*
 loues *Troilus*.

Cres. *Troilus* will stand to thee prooffe if youle proue it so.

Pan. *Troilus*, why hee esteemes her no more then I e-
 steeme an addle egge:

Cres. If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle
 head you would eate chickens ith shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how she tickled
 his chin, indeed shee has a maruel's white hand I must needs
 confesse.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And shee takes vpon her to spie a white heare on
 his chinne.

Cres. Alas poore chin many a wart is ritcher.

Pan. But there was such laughing, *Queene Hecuba* laught
 that her eyes ran ore.

Cres. With milstones.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laught.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire vnder the por
 of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cres. At what was all this laughing.

Pan. Marry at the white heare that *Hellen* spied on *Troy-*
lus chin.

Cres. And t'had beene a greene heare I should haue
 laught too.

Pan. They laught not so much at the heare as at his pret-
 ty answere.

Cres. What was his answere?

Pan. Quoth shee heere's but two and fifty heires on your
 chinne; and one of them is white.

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. Thats true, make no question of that, two and fiftie
 heires